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statuary, and employ a landscape gardener and an architect. Awful responsibility! What is a man of wealth unless he is also a man of taste—a patron of Art? To be admitted among the aristocracy of the Upper Ten it is not only necessary to have money, but it is also desirable to be able to speak of my Carlo Dolce, Velasquezes, Domenichinos, and Pordenonis; and above all things, of my architect. So John Gray bought him a place on the Hudson River—no matter where—and there he determined to build a house to live in in summer. There was a small house and a large barn on the place, which Gray thought could be cheaply converted into an extensive establishment, so he went in search of an architect. Mr. Van Trump, his friend, insisted upon it that he should employ Philologus Brown, who was a practical man of great experience, but what kind of experience he did not say. Mr. Gray, however, had very little confidence in Mr. Van Trump's judgment; he thought him old-fashioned, and behind the times; so he consulted Mr. Jones of the Fifth Avenue, who prudently referred him to Mrs. Jones. She accordingly declared there was but one architect worth employing, and that one was Mr. Tittcombe—Timothy Tittcombe; he built more houses than all other architects put together. The Fifth Avenue was almost entirely the production of his genius. He was very genteel in his manners, and moderate in his charges—he could prepare a set of plans and specifications at a short notice—he would set three or four men to work, and put them right through without keeping one waiting. As he was the fashionable architect of the city, Mr. Gray posted off at once to Mr. Tittcombe's office; but it so happened that Mr. Tittcombe had gone to the Springs, and would not return for three weeks. The evening of the day that he called at Tittcombe's office, Gray had a visit from the clergyman of his church, who came to solicit a subscription for the completion of the new church edifice. To him he told the troubles of a gentleman in search of an architect. 'Why don't you employ Mr. Pinch, the architect, who builds our church?' asked the clergyman.—'Ah! Mr. Pinch, indeed! Why, I thought he built nothing but churches. He is not a practical man. Did he ever build any country houses!'—'Mr. Pinch is a man of extensive information, and I have no doubt is as capable of building a country house as he is able to build a church—at least, as far as I can judge from an intercourse of more than three years. He is as well acquainted with the practical execution of his designs as he is able to draw and explain them. I do not know whether he ever had an opportunity to build many country houses; but to judge from his general acquirement, I should suppose it would be a mere child's play for him to design one. I think you would find it an hour well spent to call and see him. He will probably charge a little more than the usual rates with our fashionable architects, but I am firmly convinced he earns his money.' Next day we had a visit from Mr. Gray. He burst into the room in great haste, inquired for Mr. Pinch, and when shown to his desk, sat down in front of him, and surveyed him from top to toe. Mr. Pinch respectfully inquired whom he had the pleasure to—'I am a man of business—my name is Gray—I have long watched your progress in the profession, and consider you a man of talent—have certainly displayed a great deal of talent in building our church. I have no doubt you are also a practical man. Have you ever built any country houses?' Mr. Pinch offered to show some sketches. 'Never mind,' said Mr. Gray. 'Very pretty, indeed; but this would not do for me—too much of the cottage in that—I detest a cottage. I would like to see something in the way of a villa—the

French château. Did you ever build a château? But I am a man of business! and I am in a hurry just now. I want to make an appointment with you, to consult you with reference to my house on the North River, at Bumbletown—a most beautiful place! I have recently purchased an estate there—a most magnificent place—that is, as far as Nature is concerned, and I want to try what can be done for it by Art. I am a great lover of Art, Mr. Pinch, although I am a man of business. I have great taste for Art. I do not design myself—I have not time for such things; yet, when I was young, I studied architecture for some time, and I advanced as far as the Doric Order. Beautiful, perfectly beautiful, the Doric Order! What do you think, Mr. Pinch, suppose you take breakfast with me to-morrow morning. My place is about fifty miles up the river. I breakfast at 7 A.M. precisely. You can take the 5½ A.M. train, and I will send my carriage to the dépôt to meet you. Just look sharp for the iron greys—beautiful poneys! Hold on—I came very near forgetting it—the driver's name is John; just halloo John, when you get out, and he will answer if he is not in sight. Then it's agreed that you'll breakfast with me to-morrow, Mr. Pinch? You will excuse our accommodations, they are quite limited just now. I am living in a small house which I found on the premises. I want you to work that into the new house. I must go now. Good morning, Mr. Pinch. To-morrow at seven!' "

(To be continued.)

#### NIGHT-SONG.

Nor the mornings, child-like mornings—  
Full of melody and mirth,  
That with singing and with gladness  
Come to wake the sleeping earth.

Not the evenings, noon-like evenings,  
Passing silently and slow,  
Throwing shadows through the casement,  
Telling dew-beads as they go.

But the nights—the queenly midnights  
Pour life's richest wine for me  
From the star-gem'd cup of Heaven,  
And my soul drinks royally!

ANNA MARY FREEMAN.

THE Greeks, generally, were little inclined to speculate curiously on the doctrine of Beauty, just because they were so firmly in possession of it. The last thing men begin to analyse, is the composition of the healthy atmosphere they breathe. Let the atmosphere only become unhealthy; let cholera, and putrid fever, and pestilence be generated; and then curious thinkers, stimulated by social necessities, may be brought from the stars above their heads, and the flowers at their feet, to study the nature of that subtle, invisible fluid by which the vital substance of their lungs is permeated.—*J. S. Blackie.*

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS says, "The great diversity of creatures in all the order of the world hath no other aim but to represent the Divinity by some image whatsoever: and inasmuch as the sovereign essence is infinite, it was expedient to produce many things, that the one might supply the other's defects; and all conspire to express some character of divine perfections, so that God beholdeth himself figured in the variety of beauties which fill earth and heaven."